

# Philpsborn

THE OUTER GARMENT SHOP  
608 TO 614 ELEVENTH STREET

Annual  
After-Thanksgiving  
Suit Sale.

Our entire stock (over one thousand suits) is reduced—not one single suit that doesn't show some reduction.

The reductions range from \$5 to \$25 in most instances—the tag of every suit shows both the original and the reduced price.

Included are all of the season's accepted models, in two-piece and three-piece styles, in prevailing shades of lustrous satin broadcloth, wide-wale chevrot, serge, worsted and homespun.

\$21.50 for Suits up to \$29.00  
\$25.00 for Suits up to \$34.00  
\$29.50 for Suits up to \$39.00  
\$35.00 for Suits up to \$49.00  
\$45.00 for Suits up to \$59.00  
\$52.50 for Suits up to \$75.00

Every Dress  
at Reduced Prices.

As a companion money-saving event we have reduced the price of every dress in the house, without reserve.

The savings range from \$5 to \$25—and you have a stock of more than five hundred of the season's smartest styles to choose from.

Dresses for every occasion—from simple tailored street frocks to elaborate decollete models for formal occasions.

\$21.50 for Dresses up to \$29.00  
\$29.50 for Dresses up to \$44.00  
\$39.50 for Dresses up to \$54.00  
\$55.00 for Dresses up to \$80.00

## Extra Special.

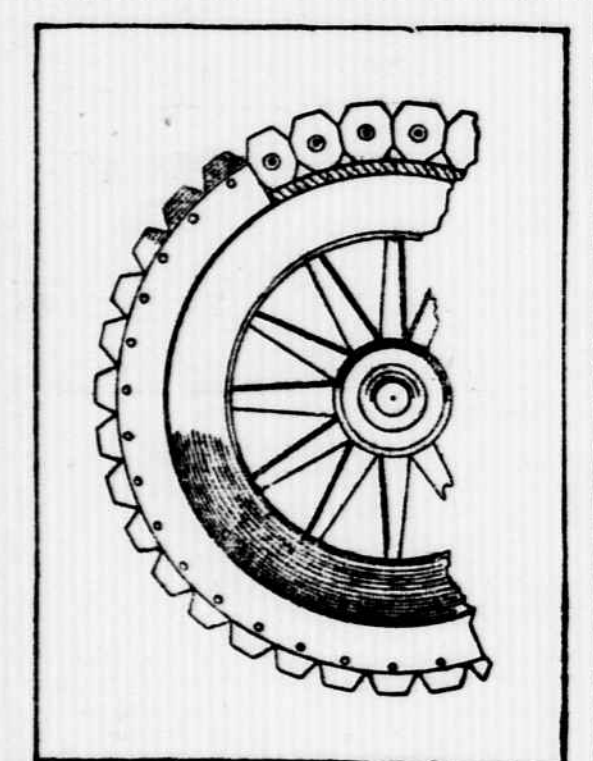
The following special lots will be closed out at very low prices. No approvals—no alterations. All are new fall and winter styles—from this season's stocks. Misses' and women's sizes.

123 Tailored Suits at . . . \$10 Each  
42 Cloth Dresses at . . . \$10 Each  
29 Silk Dresses at . . . \$10 Each  
53 Dresses at . . . \$12.50 Each

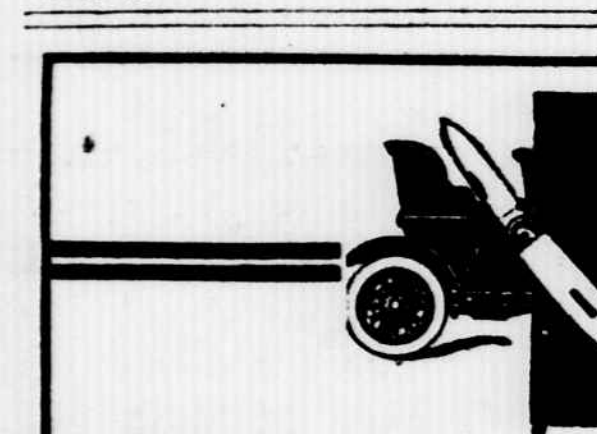
## NEW AUTOMOBILE TIRE.

Series of Rubber Sections Fastened in Channel and Reversible.

A radical innovation in the line of automobile tires has been designed by a Pennsylvania man. This tire, instead of being a pneumatic tube, consists of a series of rubber sections fastened in a channelled portion of the rim and adapted to be easily removed and reversed when the tire is flat. The sections are made of a special rubber which is not only strong but also is not affected by heat or cold. They are so arranged that they can be turned over and over again, and they are so made that they will last for a long time.



For a hole in the center, through which passes a bolt, which engages the inner side of the channelled portion. The wearing qualities of a tire of this nature are readily appreciated. Not only will the solid rubber sections stand hard usage, but their reversibility gives them multiple life, and the changes can be made by a person with little knowledge of mechanics. There is no danger of a puncture, and a motor trip carries with it none of the unpleasant prospects of changing tires en route.



—On Bartering or  
Exchanging Anything

How about that Knife, Watch, Piano, Auto, Horse, Buggy—that you don't care for any longer—but that someone surely wants? A little Want Ad in this paper will tell your story and put you in touch with scores that have something that you have not but who want what you have. Costs but a few coppers! Great scheme, isn't it? Well, get it to action. Use one of these little wonder workers—but just now—

Read and Answer

Today's Want Ads.

## EARLY WATER SUPPLY

Pumps and Springs Scattered Throughout the City.

USED FOR MANY YEARS

Desires of Petitioners Governed the Location of Wells.

SOME OF BEST KNOWN OASES

Many Families Reluctant to Give

Up the Old-Time Institution for the More Modern Methods.

That the supply of water of the population of the city before the introduction of Potomac water came from many sources may be inferred from the fact that the public pumps and hydrants had increased in number to 1,332 when Mayor Wallace was the head of the city government in 1865. Included were some which failed to give satisfaction in quality or quantity, but they were comparatively few. There were still a few springs on the outskirts in use and but few of the streams from them had been covered other than at the street crossings. The Potomac water was then coming into use and as, through water mains, it was conducted to buildings the relegation of pumps began, but it was gradual. Many families were reluctant to give up the pump at which their thirst had been quenched for a lifetime and used the Potomac water for other purposes than drinking. Notwithstanding as the iron pipes were laid especially in the western part of the city and the downtown sections the number of pumps decreased.

An old man whose father learned his trade with Amos Woodward, the city pumpmaker over thirty years ago, says that there was little difficulty in finding water in the city limits and seldom was there a failure in securing a copious supply, and particularly was this the case in the old first ward, west of 15th street. Some of the water was regarded as possessing medicinal properties and was prescribed by physicians. One such pump was located in the center of Louisiana avenue between 9th and 10th streets, once covered by the waters of the city. They are there confined by the stone walls of the Washington city canal, and that locality was filled in prior to 1820.

### The Spa Pump.

Known as the Spa or Market pump far and wide, the water was a supposed specific for many ills besides being clear and cold. People came with buckets, bottles and cans for the liquid, and for half a century the pump was probably the most popular one in Washington. Many years ago a well was dug and a pump was placed on the north side of this street, and the water was clear and cold. It was said that in filling up the old well it was found that the supposed medicinal properties came from an adjacent well. The man who had been using the water for years, however, denied this, and asserted that the water they used was not contaminated. The new one was one inch lower than the old one.

There was little change in the style of the pumps during a hundred years. They were built for use and not show, but with the change in the style of the pump they were made of logs, the top piece of dressed white oak, 12 by 14 inches, and the remainder made of pine. The pump was made of a 3/4-inch iron rod and handle. In repairing or replacing pumps made for a pump and a pump was found that the rods were jointed lengths of wood, which had seen service for years. There was no certainty when applying for a pump that it would be made of the best material. The cost of the work, for the depth at which water could be found varied from a few feet to nearly a hundred feet in some cases. The pump was found in the case of the well was 25 and 80 feet deep.

### First Pumpmaker.

The first known pumpmaker of Washington was one Mathias, who lived near the K or Water street bridge over Rock creek. Amos Woodward, who was living on E street between 12th and 13th in the twenties, was the contractor under Mayors Smallwood, Carbery and Weightman. He was a pumpmaker, and was in the navy yard as master blockmaker. William Tucker, an apprentice under Mr. Woodward, and many others, were in the navy yard. The pumpmaker located at 8th and F streets southwest. His sons, William and John W. Tucker, succeeded him as pumpmakers, holding the contracts under Mayor Wallace, the former remaining in South Washington and the latter having his shop at 14th and I streets. Mr. Tucker, living near 14th and B streets southwest; George Hercules, on Maryland avenue near 9th street southwest, and one Greenwell, on 6th street and F streets southwest, were also engaged as pumpmakers and repairers.

### Convenience of Petitioners.

In the selection of locations for the corporation pumps, the convenience of the petitioner, who bore one-half the expense, governed; but most of them were on near the center of the city. In some cases a private pump, used by permission of the owner, was regarded as a public one. A tavern usually had a pump of its own or was convenient to a public one. In the case of the government buildings were supplied. Some parts of the city were easily supplied with water, the sources being the springs about 13th and K streets and Franklin square, 10th and K streets, about New York avenue, K, 5th and 6th streets, near 9th and F streets, and Indiana avenue and 3d street, east between 4th and 6th streets and in other places. There were few deep wells in the downtown section, much of which was supplied by the Potomac water. There was also a spring near the initial point of the city at Rock creek and P street. This was a few yards east of the bridge and was used by the city for a long time. It was protected by an iron railing and gate. Later a hydrant was put in. It was for the use of the city and was used by the moonlight walks of young men and ladies. About forty years ago at the excavation for a sewer the water ceased to run and the location has been overgrown by poplars.

About where Convention Hall stands, 5th street between K and L streets, there was a spring in abundance and much marsh land. From the square north of L, between 5th and 6th streets, a small run flowed from a spring and near the northeast corner of the square south of the headhead inclosed a spring. Much of the rest of this square was used by Samuel Devaughn, in the thirties and forties, in raising leeches, and these found ready sale, as it was the age when drawing of blood entered largely in the practice of medicine. Just east of the Convention Hall site on the site of the ice plant, from about 1820, was a spring known as Moore's and the pump was kept in good order. Still further east was the spring afterward known as Savage's. In later years a pipe was driven and water pumped from a lower stream, and the water under the name of Columbia, had a fair sale.

### In the Central Section.

Some of the old pumps in the central portion of the city that are recalled were on Pennsylvania avenue at 6th and 7th streets, both of which were on C street. The latter was known as Bacon's, from the grocery nearby. Then there were Drew's and Lloyd's at the taverns nearby. Before 1820 the pump at the northwest corner of 7th and H streets furnished the water supply of James Kernan's tavern and the neighbors, and for over seventy years it was famous for its water, oftentimes crowding opportunity to drink. When Dr. J. R. Major afterward kept his drug store there he kept a quantity of cups near his door for the public, and the pump bore his name until its removal, in 1891. On the west side of 7th street a pump was put in about 1820, and the water, thirty years or more. Opposite the old post office on 7th street what was known

as the post office, or Gideon's, pump was the source of supply for fifty or more years. When, about 1820, this pump was put in, it was used not only by the employees in the Post Office Department, but by many others, which included the patent and other offices, but by the occupants of McLean's row, the families of Edward De Kraft and others.

On the southwest corner of 8th and F streets a pump was convenient to a school there and the residents thereabouts. From 1840 to 1849 John Hoover, a pioneer butcher; David Shoemaker, Jr., a clerk; John Bailey, letter carrier, and others were patrons of the pump at the northwest corner of 8th and G streets.

On the east side of 6th street between F and G streets, for very many years a pump at the northwest corner of 7th street, near Henry Hay, a master painter lived near. Some sixty years ago the pump at the northeast corner of 6th and H streets was discontinued for a time, in consequence of a piece of flesh being pumped out. The well was thereupon cleaned, nothing foreign being found, and until it was abandoned, about ten years ago, there was no complaint as to the quality of the water.

### Over Fifty Years' Service.

The pump at the northwest corner of 10th and H streets saw over fifty years' service, having been placed there about 1840, when Michael Sardo, a grocer and musician, lived at the southwest corner. It was taken up about ten years since. On 11th street north of G street, near the home of Lewis Johnson, founder of the firm of L. Johnson & Co., bankers, a pump supplied water until a late day. Fine water came from the pump north of Tweedy's, corner 12th and G streets, supposed to have its source in a spring northeast of it. This, too, was removed a few years ago.

On 11th street, on the east side, a few yards south of G street, a copious supply of excellent water was brought up by pump. It is said that the well was sunk about 1820 and that John McLeod, a schoolmaster, who erected two large brick dwellings a little south of the pump, was the leading spirit in having it so placed. Mr. McLeod's property was about the center of this street, front, and north, in 1825, the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum was established, and for the pump supplied water until the day when it was removed. For fifty years or more it supplied the immediate section, which was a growing one.

### At Site of Old Star Office.

One of the best known pumps was at the southwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 11th street seventy years ago, and also in the days when Green's cabinet shop and The Star office were there. At Dupreux corner, Pennsylvania avenue and 12th street, was another pump, said to have been located there in the beginning of the last century, when Gen. Van Ness approved the corner south. Later it was regarded as an adjunct of Drew's Tavern, at that corner, and it quenched the thirst of one of the earliest settled sections of the District.

Directly in front of the present first precinct station, 12th street between C and D streets, in the thirties, what was known as Ridgway's pump accommodated the neighborhood and public, which included boatmen and others from the canal basin and the wood and lumber yards below.

### What of the Children?

Elizabeth Robins in Everybody's.

A friend of mine fell into talk with a tidy, contented-looking mill woman of thirty-odd in a tram car the other day. The woman spoke of her home with pride. "It doesn't suffer, then, by your being so much away?"

"Oh, no. I have a housekeeper."

"My friend's evident surprise she explained: 'A nice oldish body who isn't up to the pump, but keeps the house and children as neat as a pin.'"

"Children? You think it's good for them to have their mother so much away?"

"They're away themselves a good bit. They go to school. But it is good for them that my thirty shillings a week makes up about to feed and clothe them."

"And it's good for the housekeeper, too, who hasn't a house of her own to have mine to work in and earn her bread?"

"It would have done some of the legislators good to hear that woman's views on the proposed restriction of women's work."

"What will you do," asked my friend, "if Mr. John Burns carries out his scheme? (prohibiting married women from working.)"

"Oh," said the woman, "if he does that I suppose we'll have to clem (starve)."

In another month practically all the federal convicts will have been discharged from the West Virginia penitentiary. There are now less than twenty-five of the 400 who were there little over a year ago. These are all women, and they will be removed just as soon as the federal government can make the necessary arrangements.

Working the Game.

As he walks through the train news-

boy sizes up the various individuals and picks out his victim. With a shrewdness born of long experience he watches the farmer boy on his first long trip, a mechanic on his way home from a long and good-paying job; any one of the crowd who has a lot of self-conceit, and a few dollars in money, he will select as his victim's pocketbook. If he catches a glimpse of a few dollars he is ready for the next move.

On his next trip through the car, as he passes the sucker's seat, he will suddenly stop, lean over between the chairs and straighten up, suddenly with a heavy ruby-set ring in his hand. Then he proceeds to take the victim into his confidence. He insists that they found it together, and that it belongs to the two of them. With critical and expert eye he looks the ring over and announces that it is solid gold and worth at least \$25 of the sucker's money. Then the question arises of how they shall divide the proceeds, for the victim must soon leave the train. The sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division. There is a few minutes' haggling and the ring goes into the victim's pocket, and the sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division. He has cautioned the buyer not to wear or display the ring until he leaves the train, and the sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division. He has cautioned the buyer not to wear or display the ring until he leaves the train, and the sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division.

When business is good and traffic heavy a good "butch" will sell half a dozen pieces of jewelry on a round trip. But he has to have a good memory for faces or he may pick the same victim twice. After having been annoyed by the persistent offerings of the newsboy through a few hours' journey you may suddenly decide to change a magazine or a couple of oranges. He falls to come through the car for some time, and in a fit of impatience you may decide to hunt him up. The chances are that you will find him busily examining a watch in the company of a fellow passenger. The watch is marked for slaughter. The watch game is one of the oldest and best. In his trunk he has stowed away three or four of the cheapest and most elaborate-looking watches that he can get in the places that make a specialty of such things. He has had them repaired and polished, and he has had them set with the best of every street faker and patent medicine man. He selects his man and proceeds to go very confidential. In the course of the conversation he mentions that he lent a certain engineer on the Missouri division \$25 a few weeks ago and took his watch as security. The engineer doesn't seem to want to pay, and while the watch is a regulation railroad standard, guaranteed to pass inspection anywhere and on any road in the United States, Canada or Mexico, he would rather have the money than the watch. Gotten up to the point where the watch is his own, the "butch" presents or he would carry it himself. As it is, he would like to sell the engineer's watch. The farmer, who has no watch, listens to the story and solemnly looks at the timepiece and inquires as to the number of jewels it contains. The cover is given, and he holds it up to his ear and listens to its strong and convincing tick. The sucker may be slow to bite, but the pattern of the diamond is such that the timepiece for about three days and the work is gradually becoming defunct. The case acquires a pale shade of brassy green.

"Secret Packages."

One of the things which he fairly revels in is the sale of "secret packages" and the "sealed book." When a youth edges up to him and whisperingly inquires if he has anything to read that is real racy he is ready to accommodate him. The "secret package" contains a bunch of absolute nonsense, and the "sealed book," really as innocuous as an agricultural bulletin, are brought forth, and with much apparent caution shown to the inquirer. The price, \$5, is pointed across the wrapper in large letters. It is explained that he is willing to sell them if the purchaser will agree not to open them until after he leaves the train, as he will be liable to heavy fine and imprisonment if the sale is discovered. The sucker, satisfied that here is something really forbidden, readily agrees. The price is cut to the financial ability of the buyer and the trade is made.

Such practices as these are not sanctioned by the news companies, but they are absolutely forbidden by the railroad managers, and if the offender is reported they see to it that he gets short shift. The railroad detective or special agent is the nemesis of the "butch" newsboy, and he is always on the lookout for him. "Short changing" is another practice that leads to many vacancies among the younger men, and causes the frequent appearance of advertisements similar to the following in the want columns:

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WESTERN TRAIN BUTCHERS

GRAFT GAMES WORKED BY RAILROAD PEDDLERS.

Fake Jewelry, Cheap Watches and "Secret" Literature Palmed Off on Passengers on the Side.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Did you ever enter a crowded train, walk the length of the coaches without being able to find a vacant seat, and then sadly make your way to the smoker and discover four or five seats who have been so anxiously looking for piled high with the stock in trade of the news agent?

The "news butcher" he is called in the western vernacular, and the name is rather appropriate. The railroads have an agreement with the news companies that but two seats may be taken for the purpose of selling newspapers and magazines, but it is generally a case of the passenger standing up and the stock in trade being undisturbed.

Many of the eastern roads have dispensed with the newsboy on the ground that he is a nuisance to many of the passengers, and that he is a source of annoyance to the train. But nearly every train in the west that carries a smoking car and a day coach has a news agent as a part of its equipment. Up in the front of the train, as a rule, near the back of the smoking compartment, is the heap of books, fruit and newspapers that the "news butcher" carries. The seats are stacked full of books of the type of "Twenty Years of Hustling" and "Through Missouri" and "The Story of the American People," and most elaborate-looking guides of uncertain issue, blackened bananas, glass locomotives filled with candies, and all the cheap and flashy trash that can be crowded into two iron-bound trunks and a fruit hamper.

The men and boys who sell these goods are a heterogeneous group. Some are old occupations. Elderly men who have failed in salesmanship or clerical positions, former jockeys, boys from the farms, former street fakers whose original graft was worn out, and once in a while a broken-down university man who is trying to make a stake. Some of them are very confident. In the course of the conversation he mentions that he lent a certain engineer on the Missouri division \$25 a few weeks ago and took his watch as security. The engineer doesn't seem to want to pay, and while the watch is a regulation railroad standard, guaranteed to pass inspection anywhere and on any road in the United States, Canada or Mexico, he would rather have the money than the watch. Gotten up to the point where the watch is his own, the "butch" presents or he would carry it himself. As it is, he would like to sell the engineer's watch.

The farmer, who has no watch, listens to the story and solemnly looks at the timepiece and inquires as to the number of jewels it contains. The cover is given, and he holds it up to his ear and listens to its strong and convincing tick. The sucker may be slow to bite, but the pattern of the diamond is such that the timepiece for about three days and the work is gradually becoming defunct. The case acquires a pale shade of brassy green.

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Wanted: Young man to run on trains; preferred run; no references required.

Working the Game.

As he walks through the train news-

boy sizes up the various individuals and picks out his victim. With a shrewdness born of long experience he watches the farmer boy on his first long trip, a mechanic on his way home from a long and good-paying job; any one of the crowd who has a lot of self-conceit, and a few dollars in money, he will select as his victim's pocketbook. If he catches a glimpse of a few dollars he is ready for the next move.

On his next trip through the car, as he passes the sucker's seat, he will suddenly stop, lean over between the chairs and straighten up, suddenly with a heavy ruby-set ring in his hand. Then he proceeds to take the victim into his confidence. He insists that they found it together, and that it belongs to the two of them. With critical and expert eye he looks the ring over and announces that it is solid gold and worth at least \$25 of the sucker's money. Then the question arises of how they shall divide the proceeds, for the victim must soon leave the train. The sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division. There is a few minutes' haggling and the ring goes into the victim's pocket, and the sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division. He has cautioned the buyer not to wear or display the ring until he leaves the train, and the sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division.

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Wanted: Young man to run on trains; preferred run; no references required.

Working the Game.

As he walks through the train news-

boy sizes up the various individuals and picks out his victim. With a shrewdness born of long experience he watches the farmer boy on his first long trip, a mechanic on his way home from a long and good-paying job; any one of the crowd who has a lot of self-conceit, and a few dollars in money, he will select as his victim's pocketbook. If he catches a glimpse of a few dollars he is ready for the next move.

On his next trip through the car, as he passes the sucker's seat, he will suddenly stop, lean over between the chairs and straighten up, suddenly with a heavy ruby-set ring in his hand. Then he proceeds to take the victim into his confidence. He insists that they found it together, and that it belongs to the two of them. With critical and expert eye he looks the ring over and announces that it is solid gold and worth at least \$25 of the sucker's money. Then the question arises of how they shall divide the proceeds, for the victim must soon leave the train. The sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division. There is a few minutes' haggling and the ring goes into the victim's pocket, and the sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division. He has cautioned the buyer not to wear or display the ring until he leaves the train, and the sucker, who is nearly as glib as the other, at once agrees to the division.

When business is good and traffic heavy a good "butch" will sell half a dozen pieces of jewelry on a round trip. But he has to have a good memory for faces or he may pick the same victim twice. After having been annoyed by the persistent offerings of the newsboy through a few hours' journey you may suddenly decide to change a magazine or a couple of oranges. He falls to come through